



# THE EXAMINER.

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F. COBB, ASSISTANT EDITOR.

LOUISVILLE: OCT. 16, 1847

## Ordinance of 1827.

The very able history of the Ordinance in last week's Examiner, ought to have been credited to the National Intelligencer. The author of it is Peter Force, Esq. Our young men, especially our young professional friends, should make themselves thoroughly familiar with this, and kindred subjects.

It has long been a moot point whether THOMAS JEFFERSON was not really entitled to the credit of this important ordinance. Not that Mr. Dane did not write it, had not it, and propose its immediate adoption? This is admitted. But that long before this was done, the idea—the spirit which gave success to the proposition—was started by Thomas Jefferson embodied by him—and so directed, through his efforts, that it became the law of the land.

"This would be a good subject for the moot court of the Law School, in the rooms of the Lyceum. If a Southern man be really entitled to this credit, he should have it."

## Populism—In Power.

We copy from the Cincinnati Gazette the following table, showing the amount of tax charged on a hundred dollars of valuation, and the per cent, for all purposes, in Hamilton county:

TOWNSHIPS.	1845.	1846.	1847.
Symmes,	\$45	\$45	\$65
Springfield,	30	45	47
Colostron,	35	45	50
Crosby,	40	52	50
Whitewater,	40	47	45
Miami,	30	42	55
Delhi,	45	55	52
Storrs,	45	40	57
Gree,	40	55	55
Mill Creek,	145	160	62
Fulton,	60	60	55
Columbus,	40	50	55
Anderdon,	20	35	50
Cincinatti,	300	295	95

The comparative result is the same over the whole State.

Remember the debt of Ohio. It is over nineteen millions of dollars. Yet by increase of population, Ohio has begun to pay off that debt, and at the same time, to reduce largely, its taxation! And are her internal improvements decreasing in value, or extent? They are, on the contrary, yielding more, and rapidly extending in every direction:

Schools, churches, railways, turnpikes, and all moral and commercial facilities are becoming common to all classes, and to every portion of this great State. This is the result of freedom. We could enjoy these blessings with it. Slavery alone prevents it. Shall we allow this? Can we consent to forego so much, and sacrifice so much, for this institution? Speak, friends, speak one and all, that our State may be redeemed and blessed.

## Action—Organization.

Careful inquiry, and particular observation, have satisfied us, that there is anti-slavery sentiment in Kentucky, enough, to do whatever it may determine to do.

We speak deliberately. Not measuring others by our own feelings, or judging of public opinion from partial and ever zealous friends, but going up and down among the various classes of society, and letting men speak for themselves, and of slavery as they please, we may say, we know, that the people of this State are ripe for change, and eager for emancipation. The laboring classes, so far as we have been able to reach them, avow in private their hearty desire for it. They present, in many respects, a noble example of endurance and patience. The curses of slavery fall upon them heavily. If they be young, and unmarried, they feel, as they toil, that hundreds pity them, and look upon them as degraded. If they have families, and are gathering about them the rich treasures of a faithful love, they know that these, their own loved offspring, must wither, and may perish, beneath the galling blight of human servitude. Yet, indiginating in no revengeful feelings, and looking alone to legal reform, they say, "for our sakes, for the sake of our children, for the good of all, we ought and we must destroy slavery!"

The mercantile interests, especially in the towns of the interior, are almost unanimous for freedom. Slavery chokes them in every way. Farms stocked with negroes bring them no customers, and these farms multiplied, drive away the white who would buy of them. The intelligent merchant sees what will make him thrive, increase his income; give value to his property, what alone can insure any thing like permanency to that income, or the value of that property. Without an increasing population—without a producing population—mercantile interests must diminish, and, therefore, our business men, whether influenced by other and stronger considerations or not, say "we have emancipation that the way may be opened for immigrants, and our country filled up, and our towns made to increase. Why hold on to slavery when it prevents this? Why continue a system which impoverishes the many, and degrades the enterprise of the State? We want it removed. We are willing to work for its removal if other will only lead."

The religious influences are growing stronger and stronger in behalf of freedom. Causes have been operating and are still operating, to repress, to some extent, the voice of the Church, to stifle the convictions of religious men—the fear, that the discussion of slavery will create wider and fiercer divisions, and that in the struggle pleiety would be forgotten, and religion trampled under foot, has kept them measurably silent. But this fear, and all other retarding causes, are fast passing away. And as they pass away, and the calmer persuasions of reason and duty are heard, religious men begin to realize the startling fact, that they are true to their professions, and their God, slavery cannot long exist. We say startling fact: for how can it be otherwise, when, their omission to do, keeps in utter darkness thousands of human beings, who cannot, while they are slaves, read the gospel, and thousands upon thousands more of whites, who, through the evils inseparably connected with slavery, are driven to ruin? This is a fearful responsibility to meet. It is dreadful to look upon, or think about. But from an extended correspondence, and personal intercourse, with near a hundred clergymen of the State, we are satisfied, that a large number of Divines, and by far the larger portion of their congregations, are preparing, as the only alternative left, a strong, hearty, earnest resistance to slavery. Where else should we look for such resistance? On what else, save religion, and its spread, can individuals or the State build a hope? The Church, then, cannot falter; it will not, remembering its master, and his sacrifice, hold back much longer.

And slaveholders, as a class, are getting more and more willing, every day, not only to hear slavery discussed, but to discuss, or consider it themselves. Not superficially either, as some suppose, not simply in its pecuniary relations, as a majority believe, but thoroughly, in all its forms and relations. One of the strongest proslavery men, we know, writes us, "I agree fully in what you say, and if slavery be a sin, or the holding of slaves a sin, if they ought to be educated, if the law should prohibit their being sold except by families, let me be shown—the sooner the better. As you reason on these

subjects I will read and consider, and I know few who hold negroes who will not. I would do justice to the black man as the strongest guaranty of getting it myself, and securing it for my race hereafter." Like all men slaveholders look to what they deem their interest, and many of them, perhaps a large majority, feel or feared, at first, that any movement against slavery would ruin them. While in this belief, they were restless, uneasy, violent. But closer examination, and cooler thought, have given a goodly portion of them larger views. They are rapidly realizing one fact, that no costlier system was ever devised for man. They are beginning to feel, that it impovershes them and the State, and that religion, patriotism, and every manly virtue calls upon them to help remove an evil which fetters the arm, and palsies the heart, of the white laborer. They are learning to know that they themselves, and their children, do not, and cannot escape the terrible retribution by which God makes clear the wrong, and, as men who love their own, they dare not involve them longer in the meshes of deep misery and difficulty created by slavery. And they realize, and feel, and know, these things, they are waking up—rousing themselves and others—to the stern, yet christian demands of emancipation.

And what, under these circumstances, is the duty of every man of us who demands the extinction of slavery?

The first step, is, to bring out—develop—the real feeling and wish of all these classes. "Well wishing," as one of our correspondents has said, will not answer. We are glad to have it. We rejoice as "well wishers" spring up along our path. It is something—it is good, as far as it goes. But to do this—to give action to the anti-slavery sentiment of Kentucky, we must have men or action. Not brawlers, not violent declaimers. Not reckless or partisan men—but men of thought, earnestness of purpose, resolution, and character. Does any one say, these are not to be found? There is not a county where they do not exist. Not of a city or town where they cannot be found. The occasion itself would create them. Not since the world began was there a blow struck bravely for liberty, by any people, when they had not a fit leader! Never did any body of men strive honestly for human rights or happiness, that the occasion did not produce its hero! We need no fear then, as to finding men of action, if the call for them be made.

And how shall that call be made? By what means?

By organization, and this is our second step. By thorough efficient organization. Scatter a thousand men over city or county, let them be ignorant of each others anti-slavery views, and keep still less, lest they be community, and injure themselves by expressing them, and they shall be powerless as children. But put them together—plant them side by side—and let them hear speakers utter their generous thoughts, and the people respond to them by hearty cheers, and they will quickly give direction to public opinion in city or county. Organization concentrates thus. It combines the views and feelings of those who sympathize, and compacts together their strength. It gives nerve to the timid, and more decision to the brave, and thus imparts new vitality to that strength. If these, our anti-slavery sentiment were thus marshalled by organized moral action, who doubt, knowing the real talents of the State, who can doubt, the true feeling of the people, its certain, and triumphant success? "The only fear I have," says a wise and influential citizen, "is that the pro-slavery men and perpetuators, many of whom have a deep interest at stake, may out-work us, because they understand each other so well." Mark the reason. Mark the source where these few obtain control.

*"Because they understand each other."* We have deeper interests at stake—let us have a like union. This would enable anti-slavery men to out-work all others, enable them to do it because they sympathize with and understand each other.

We hope our friends will bear in mind these suggestions—will talk them over with their neighbors—and see if they cannot do something to give voice and effect to the Emancipation sentiment of Kentucky. Do not defer the matter. There is only one time fit to do such things—Go to work at once—get your nearest neighbor, and when you have explained to him, start away with him to see others, until you fill the circle of your influence. Thus acting we may bring out men of action in church and out of the church, and through organization, raise up a platform on which they can stand, and reason with the whole people, and reach and concentrate all the influences which are so ready and earnest to sustain emancipation.

## Article II.

The reader will notice, in the first set of instructions made by the Mexican Government for their Commissioners, this article. It runs thus: "The United States shall engage not in any part of the territory acquired from Mexico."

Why is this? Can it be that the world is beginning to regard our Republic as the Propagandist of slavery? The blood came to our cheeks as we read it, and we felt humiliated that people should dream that we could so far degrade ourselves.

## Knoxville Convention.

The internal improvement meeting of South Carolina, Georgia, and Tennessee met at Knoxville, Sept. 24, and the following officers were chosen:

### President.

HON. NATHAN GREENE, of Tennessee.

### Vice-Presidents.

DANIEL RAYNELL, Esq., of South Carolina.

THOS. A. R. NELSON, Esq., of Tennessee.

HON. W. M. COKE,

HON. SPENCER JARVINS,

Gen. JAS. H. REAGAN,

### Secretaries.

JOHN E. CAREY, Esq., of South Carolina.

JAS. C. WALKER, of Tennessee.

JAS. C. MOSE,

Col. JAS. H. CUMMINGS.

### Recording Secretary.

Several reports were made. But we can only give results. These points were agreed upon.

To extend the Georgia Railroad to the Tennessee River.

To ask aid of the Tennessee Legislature, so as to secure the road from the Tennessee River to Knoxville.

To build a railway from Knoxville to Chattanooga, Va., through East Tennessee.

To improve the Holston, make turnpike roads, &c. &c.

We are glad to find our friends in East Tennessee alive to the importance of internal improvements. All they want is an outlet to make that portion of the country one of the richest in it. No section abounds more in water power, or iron ore, or coal, and a railway from Knoxville to Baltimore, or the seaboard in Virginia would make all its great resources available. Besides, slavery is nominal only in East Tennessee. If the white labor there had such a stimulus, it would quickly rid itself of this incubus, and put the centre of the South, far in advance of all other portions of it.

### Storms and Floods.

Storms and floods in the mountains have done much damage, and stopped all communication between Philadelphia and Pittsburgh for over forty-eight hours, on this day. Telegraph posts were broken down, and telegraph communication stopped. On last Monday, however, the wires were again on them.

## Southern Brothels.

At the Historical Society, N. Y., an original letter of Gen. Washington, presented to that body, was read at its regular meeting. It is as follows:

Newark, Nov. 5th, 1782.

Dear Sir: By Dr. Gregg I send you four, nos. 26, 27, 28, which appear to be the balance due to you.

I pray you to get me made by the measure enclosed, a pair of the nicest and best leather breeches. I know not at this time, who is esteemed the most celebrated munker, or I would trouble you with still another. Formerly there was a person called, I think, the Carbuncle, who by whom very neat breeches at this day, but if the money sent is not sufficient, the deficiency shall be paid on demand.

I would be glad to have them sent to me as soon as possible. I shall thank you for reiterating my request that they may be made roomy in the seat. They generally make them so tight in the thigh that it is difficult to draw them on. The measure enclosed is the size I would have, not what they could be brought to by stretching.

Yours truly, G. WASHINGTON.

## Our Better Part.

We had intended copying the many notices which have been taken of the *Examiner* at home and abroad. This course is not unusual with the press. But we concluded on the whole, to omit them, content to let our paper speak for itself. We cannot, however, forbear returning our cordial and hearty thanks to our brethren of the Press for the kind manner in which they have spoken of us, and expressing our hope, that the very few who have greeted us in a different temper, may yet acknowledge, that our aim is, as far as we possess any influence, to benefit all, to laud no one.

But though observing this rule with regard to ourselves, we may be pardoned in departing from it as regards our associate. We are glad to have it. We rejoice as "well wishers" spring up along our path. It is something—it is good, as far as it goes. But to do this—to give action to the anti-slavery sentiment of Kentucky, we must have men or action.

And so it is, in a greater or less degree where ever cotton is grown, or men look exclusively to the produce of slave labor for support. They despise small things. Consequently they live poorly. They will neither make or help others to make furniture, andswayards, &c. &c.

Chiefly in Kentucky? They go to Louisville, and up the Kentucky River.

Why not manufacture them in Kentucky? Oh, it is pleasanter and cheaper living here; we have society; we can get what we want easier; can obtain labor always; and this we could not do in Kentucky.

"How many men are employed in your establishment?"

Some fifty.

So even in our State, the very evils which we are to beget the Southern planter affect us. We can buy, but we do not manufacture. We can put money into mechanics' paws in the free States, but slavery prevents us from getting them in proportion to our needs.

But we have forgotten our subject—so let us enquire where they get their "shaken fixens" from in Louisiana. Look at the table below, and see if that does not answer the question.

With Mr. Cosby, we have engaged for many years an intimate friend. He is known throughout the Union as one of the best of our poets. He is not generally known away from home as should and will be, as one of the most classical minds in the West, and as one who enjoys an acquaintance with Europe. He is a man of the world, and of the highest rank in his country.

With Mr. Cosby, we have chosen as one of the editors of the "Examiner." If this earnest, well-conducted, firm but forbearing friends of emancipation, and firm supporters of the cause of freedom, can beget such a man, we may be assured, that the cause of our slaves will be safe in his hands.

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## LITERARY EXAMINER.

The Blind Boy.  
BY DR. HAWKES.

It was a blessed summer day,  
The flowers bloomed—the air was mild,  
The little birds poured forth their lay,  
And every thing in nature smiled.

In pleasant thought I wandered on  
Beneath the deep wood's ample shade,  
Till suddenly I came upon  
Two children who had thither strayed.

Just as an aged birch-tree's foot  
A little boy and girl reclined;  
His hand in hers kindly put,  
And then I saw the boy was blind.

The children knew not I was near,  
A tree concealed me from their view,  
But all they said I well could hear,  
And I could see all they might do.

"Dear Mary," said the poor blind boy,  
"That little bird sings very long;  
Say, do you see him in his joy?"  
And he is pretty as his song."

"Yes, Edward, yes," replied the maid,  
"I see the bird on yonder tree;"  
The poor boy sighed, and gently said,—  
"Sister, I wish that I could see."

"The flowers, you say, are very fair,  
And bright green leaves are on the trees,  
And pretty birds are singing there—  
How beautiful for one who sees!"

"Yet I the fragrant flowers can smell,  
And I can feel the green leaf's shade,  
And I can hear the notes that swell  
From those dear birds that God has made.

"So, sister, God is my kind,  
Though sight, alas! He has not given;  
But tell me, are there any blind  
Among the children up in heaven?"

"No, dearest Edward, there all see—  
But why ask me a thing so odd?"  
"Oh, Mary, He's so good to me,  
I thought I'd like to look at God."

Ere long, disease its hand had laid  
On that dear boy so weak and mild;  
His widow's mother wept and prayed  
That God would spare her sightless child.

He felt her warm tears on his face,  
And said—"Oh, never weep for me,  
I'm going to a bright, bright place,  
Where Mary says I shall see."

"And you'll be there, dear Mary, too;  
But mother, when you get up there,  
Tell Edward, mother, that 'tis you—  
You know I never saw you here."

He spoke no more, but sweetly smiled  
Until the final blow was given,

When God took up that poor blind child,

And opened first his eyes in Heaven.

The Land-Fever.

BY MRS. CAROLINE M. KIRKLAND.

[In 1835 and 1836, a fever of speculation in lands took place in the far west. Both the speculators, and the "land-breakers" who helped them in the business of their purchases, were odious to the actual settlers, because, by thus buying up land, they threatened to maintain a wilderness, and to render it untenable for a serious disadvantage to those who had so laboriously worked for it. So much being promised, and with the additional knowledge that the backwoodsman are generally very hospitable, the reader will appreciate the humor of the following sketch. It was at the height of the fever that Mr. Willoughby, a respectable-looking middle-aged man, riding a jaded horse, and carrying with him blankets, vase, saddle-bags, and holsters, stopped in front of a rough log-house, and accosted its tall and meagre tenant.]

This individual, and his dwelling resembled each other in an unusual degree. The house was, as we have said of the roughest; its ribs scarcely half filled in with clay; its "looped and windowed raggedness" rendered more conspicuous by the tattered cotton sheets which had long done duty as glass, and which now fluttered in every breeze; its roof of oak shingles, warped into every possible curve; and its stick chimney, so like its owner's hat, opened at the top, and jammed in at the sides; all shadowed forth the contour and equipments of the exceedingly and self-satisfied person who leaned on the fence, and snapped his long carbine, while he gave such answers as suited him to the gentleman in the India-rubbers, taking especial care not to invite him to alight.

"Can you tell me, my friend,—" civilly began Mr. Willoughby.

"Oh! friend!" interrupted the settler; "who told you that I was your friend? Friends are scarce in these parts."

"You have at least no reason to be otherwise," replied the traveller, who was blessed with a very patient temper, especially where there was no use in getting angry.

"I don't know that," was the reply. "What fetch'd you into these woods?"

"If I should say 'my house,' the answer would perhaps be as civil as the question."

"Just as you like," said the other, turning on his heel, and walking off.

"I wished merely to ask you," resumed Mr. Willoughby, talking after the nonchalant son of the forest, "whether this is Mr. Pepper's land."

"How do you know it ain't mine?"

"I'm not likely to know at present it seems," said the traveller, whose patience was getting a little frayed. "And taking out his memorandum-book, he ran over his minutes: "South half of north-west quarter of section fourteen—Your name is Leander Pepper, is it not?"

"Where did you get so much news?" You ain't the sheriff, be ye?"

"Pop!" screamed a white-headed urchin from the house, "Mam says supper's ready."

"So a'n't I," replied the papa; "I've got all my chores to do yet." And he busied himself at a log pig-stye on the opposite side of the road, half as large as the dwelling-house. Here he was soon surrounded by a squealing multitude, with whom he seemed to hold a regular conversation.

Mr. Willoughby looked at the westering sun, which was not far above the dense wall of trees that shut in the small clearing; then at the heavy clouds which advanced from the north, threatening a stormy night; then at his watch, and then at his note-book; and after all, at his predicament, on the whole, an unpleasant prospect. But at this moment a female face showed itself at the door. Our traveller's memory reverted at once to the testimony of Ledyard and Mungo Park; and he had also some floating and indistinct poetical recollections of woman's being useful when a man was in difficulties, though hard to please at other times. The result of these reminiscences, which occupied a precious second, was, that Mr. Willoughby dismounted, fastened his horse to the fence, and advanced with a brave and determined air, to throw himself upon female kindness and sympathy.

He naturally looked at the lady, as he approached the door, but she did not return the compliment. She looked at the pigs, and talked to the children, and Mr. Willoughby had time to observe that she was the very duplicate of her husband; as tall, as bony, as rugged, and twice as cross-looking.

"Malvina Jane!" she exclaimed, in no dulcet treble, "the done-a-paddlin' in that 'ere water! If I come there, I'll—"

"You'd better look at Sophrony, I guess!" was the reply.

"Why, what's she a-doin'?"

"Well, I guess if you look, you'll see!"

responded Miss Malvina, coolly, as she passed into the house, leaving at every step a full impression of her foot in the same black mud that covered her sister from head to foot.

The latter was saluted with a hearty cuff, as she emerged from the puddle; and it was just at the propitious moment when her shrill howl aroused the echoes, that Mr. Willoughby, having reached the threshold, was obliged to set about making the agreement to the mamma. And he called up for the occasion all his politeness.

Mr. Willoughby declared that he should make out very well with a blanket by the fire.

"I believe I must become an intruder on your hospitality for the night, madam," he began. The dame still looked at the pigs. Mr. Willoughby tried again, in less costly phrase.

"Will it be convenient for you to lodge me to night, ma'am? I have been disappointed in my search for a hunting-party, whom I had engaged to meet, and the night threatens a storm."

"I don't know nothin' about it; you must ask the old man," said the lady, now for the first time taking a survey of the newcomer; "with my will, we'll lodge no-body."

This was not very encouraging, but it was a poor night for the woods; so our traveller persevered, and masking so bold a push for the door that the lady was obliged to retreat a little, he entered, and said he would await her husband's coming.

And in truth he could scarcely blame the cool reception he had experienced, when he beheld the state of affairs within those muddy precincts. The room was large, but it swarmed with human beings. The huge open fire-place, with its hearth of rough stone, occupied nearly the whole of one end of the apartment; and near it stood a long cradle, containing a pair of twins, who cried—a sort of hopeless cry, as if they knew it would do no good, yet they could not help it. The schoolmaster, (it was his week,) sat reading a tattered novel, and rocking the cradle occasionally, when the children cried too loud. An old grey-headed Indian was curiously crouched over a large tub, shelling corn on the edge of a hoe; but he ceased his noisy employment when he saw the stranger, for no Indian will ever willingly be seen at work, though he may be sometimes compelled by the fear of starvation or the longing for whisky, to degrade himself by labor. Near the only window was placed the work-bench and entire paraphernalia of the shoemaker, who in these regions travels from house to house, shoeing the family and mending the harness as he goes, with various interludes of songs and jokes, ever new and acceptable. This one, who was a little, bald, twinkling-eyed fellow, made the smoky rafters ring with the burden of his favorite ditty of the west:

"All kinds of game to hunt, my boys, also the buck and doe;  
All down by the banks of the river O-hi-o;"

and children of all sizes, clattering in all keys, completed the picture and the concert.

The supper-table, which maintained its place in the midst of this living and restless mass, might remind one of the square stone lying bedded in the bustling leaves of the sambucus; but the associations would be any but those of Corinthian elegance. The only object which at that moment diversified its dingy surface was an iron hoop, into which the mistress of the feast proceeded to turn a quantity of smoking hot potatoes, adding after a bowl of salt, and another of pork fat, by courtesy denominated gravy; plates and knives dropped in afterward, at the discretion of the company.

Another call of "Pop! pop!" brought in the host from the pig-stye; the heavy rain which had now begun to fall, having, no doubt, expedited the performance of the chores. Mr. Willoughby, who had established himself resolutely, took advantage of a very cloudy aspect from the proprietor, to lead his horse to a shed, and to deposit in a corner his cumbersome outer gear; while the schoolmaster used in turn the iron skillet which served as a wash-basin, dipping the water from a large trough outside, overflowing with the abundant drippings of the eaves. Those who had no pocket handkerchiefs, contented themselves with a nondescript article which seemed to stand for the family towel; and when this ceremony was concluded, all seriously addressed themselves to the demolition of the potatoes. The grown people were accommodated with chain and chest; the children prosecuted a series of flying raids upon the good cheer, snatching a potato now and then as they could find an opening under the raised arm of one of the family, and then retreating to the chimney corner, tossing the hot prize from hand to hand, and blowing it stoutly the while. The old Indian had disappeared.

"How did you tell me you was?"

"Well! you're a land-shark, then—swallow up 'pon pro men's farms. The less I see of such cattle, the better I'm pleased."

"Confound you!" said Mr. Willoughby, who waxed waru, "I tell you I've nothing to do with land. I wouldn't take your whole state for a gift."

"What did you tell my woman you was a land-hunter for, then?"

And now the whole matter became clear in a moment; and it was found that Mr. Willoughby's equipment, with the mention of a "hunting party," had completely misled both host and hostess. And to do them justice, never were regret and vexation more heartily expressed.

You needn't judge our new country folks by me," said Mr. Handy, for such proved to be his name; "my man in these parts would as soon bite off his own nose, as to snub a civil traveller that wanted a supper and a night's lodging. But somehow or other, your lots o' fixin', and your askin' after that ere Pepper—one of the worst land-sharks we've ever had here—made me mad; and I know I treated you worse than an Indian."

"Humph!" said Solomon.

"But," continued the host, "you shall see whether my old woman can't see a good breakfast, when she's mind to. Come, you shan't stir a step till you've had breakfast; and just take back this plaguey dollar. I wonder it didn't burn my fingers when I took it."

Mrs. Handy set forth her very best, and a famous breakfast it was, considering the times. And before it was finished, the hunting party made their appearance, having had some difficulty in finding their companion, who had made no very uncommon mistake as to section corners and town-lines.

"I'll tell ye what," said Mr. Handy, confidentially, as the cavalcade with its baggage-ponies, loaded with tents, gun-cases, and hampers of provisions, was getting into order for march to the prairies. "I'll tell ye what; if you've occasion to stop anywhere in the Bush, you'd better tell 'em on at the first goin' off that you ain't land-hunters."

But Mr. Willoughby had already had "a vacation."

**FLOWERS.**—How the universal heart of man blesses flowers! They are wreathed round the cradle, the marriage altar, and the tomb. The Perian in the far East, in their perfume, and writes his love in nose-gays; while the Indian child of the west clasps his hands with glee, as he gathers the abundant blossoms—the illuminated scripture of the prairies. The Cupid of the ancient Hindoo tipped his arrows with flowers, and orange buds are the bridal crown with us, a nation of yesterday. Flowers garlanded the Grecian altar, and they hang in votive wreaths before the Christian shrine.

All these are appropriate uses. Flowers should deck the brow of the youthful bride, for they are in themselves a lovely type of marriage. They should twine round the tomb, for their perpetually renewed beauty is a symbol of the resurrection. They should festoon the altar, for their fragrance and their beauty ascend in perpetual worship before the Most High.

But what can he have to eat?"

"I reckon you won't get nothing for him, without you turn him out on the marsh!"

"He would get off to a certainty!"

"Tie his legs."

The unfortunate traveller argued in vain. Hay was "sciss," and potatoes were "scum;" and in short the "mash" was the only resource, and these natural meadows afford but poor picking after the first of October.

These are the appropriate uses. Flowers should deck the brow of the youthful bride, for they are in themselves a lovely type of marriage. They should twine round the tomb, for their perpetually renewed beauty is a symbol of the resurrection. They should festoon the altar, for their fragrance and their beauty ascend in perpetual worship before the Most High.

Lydia M. Child.

**HISTORICAL CRITICISM.—From the life and voyages of Christopher Columbus.**—There is a certain meddlesome spirit, which, in the garb of learned research, goes prying about the traces of history, casting down its monuments, and marring and mutilating its fairest trophies. Care should be taken to vindicate great names from such perfidious erudition.—Washington Irving.

[From the London Weekly Dispatch.]

Moral Connection.

Ye who would save your features florid,  
Little limb, bright eyes, unwarried forehead,  
From age's devastation on horrid,

Adopt this plan:  
Will make, in climates cold or torrid,  
A pale old man.

Avoid in youth luxurious diet;  
Restrain the passions' lawless riot;

Be wisely gay;  
So shall ye, spite of age's fiat

Resist not.

Seek not in mammon's worship pleasure,  
But find your sweetest, best appliance,

In books, friends, music, polished leisure;

The mind, not sense;

Makes the sole scale by which ye measure

Your opulence.

This is the solace—this the science—

Life's purest, sweetest, best appliance,

That disappoints not man's reliance;

Whate'er his state;

But challenges, with calm defiance,

Time, fortune, fate.

A Pretty Thought.

The sign of the day.

The sign of the spring.

And ever upon old men,

The greatest moses cling.

Both the world's the brightest,

Through the showy the brightest fall;

For God, who loveth all his works,

Has left his hopes with all!

The Life of a Naturalist.

BY JOHN JAMES AUDUBON.

THE ADVENTURES AND VISCISSITUDES WHICH HAVE FALLEN TO MY LOT, INSTEAD OF TENDING TO DIMINISH THE FERVID ENTHUSIASM OF MY BOYHOOD, HAVE IMPARTED A TOUGHNESS TO MY BODY, WHICH IS NATURALLY STRONG, AND TO MY MIND, WHICH IS NATURALLY BOYANT, AN ELASTICITY SUCH AS TO ASSURE ME THAT THOUGH SOMEWHAT OLD, AND CONSIDERABLY DENUDED IN THE FRONTAL REGION, I COULD YET PERFORM ON FOOT A JOURNEY OF ANY LENGTH, WERE I SO DESIROUS OF IT.

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